i’m bad at greetings

and bad at farewells

i’ve never fared well

when i’m alone

lonely is a punch

to my sad pathetic gut

i’m gutted at the thought

of losing a friend

losing a life

but my own life

i’m content to say

i said goodbye

awhile ago

i’ve been told i have promise

but never promised

to use it

so i guess i’ll become

a wasted future

all because of the past

but really, they don’t know

what my life really promised

i’m not a person

merely an object

not like being objectified

i never had the body for that

but i was used all the same

and maybe my explicit purpose

was merely to serve as clay

to be manipulated

riddled with pokes and rips

from the ripe old age

of infancy

and maybe i shouldn’t complain

because at least my time

was valuable, in the end

but that doesn’t mean it was valued

at least i had a reason

to muddle through existence

and maybe i’m being selfish

taking that usage away

from the master potters

or claymation artists

that forged the usage

of my time and breath

hell, of course i’m selfish

i already knew this

because i blemished their clay

with scars and burns

not from the kiln

not from their own hands

i ruined what could’ve been

it could’ve been a masterpiece

regardless, i was their

artistic outlet

and i defaced it

not me, it

clay can’t have feelings

and a hollow, unbaked

little figure i am

i’m so sorry

to destroy myself like this

to be the bully in art class

to ruin your hard work

to ruin your passion

to ruin your fucking life, i guess

if the purpose of life

is to have passion

but if clay can’t even

maintain its shape

maybe pick up painting instead

because unlike the clay

i was supposed to be

i was more like paint on canvas

colors bleeding out

and the brush was myself

i was bleeding myself out

anyways.

i’m sorry that you were given

clay with feelings

and i’m sorry that your clay

had to be me

i hope you find clay

that can withstand your hands

and i’m sorry that your clay

had to be me

i’m sorry i’m sorry i ruined your life and i’m sorry.